

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1871.

## The Week.

POLITICS seem to be rather livelier in Massachusetts than anywhere else, though it is only among the politicians and editors that there is much stir as yet. Governor Claflin declines a renomination, an act which is said to mean that there are several gentlemen who wish to be governor, that the nomination of some of them would split the party, and that it has been decided that Mr. Claflin, who could be elected, shall withdraw, and that the split, if it is coming, shall be permitted to come this year. Our old acquaintance, General Butler, is understood to want the nomination, and probably he is as strong a candidate with the people as anybody else, for to the greater portion of the Republican vote he could add the vote of the Labor Reformers and what votes the Woman's Rights women could influence—such is esteemed to be the virtuousness of those ladies in political matters. But politics in Massachusetts have been so long in the hands of one party, that Massachusetts has a set of hack professional politicians between whom and the average voter the difference is much like that between a country mouse and an astute old stable-rat in the city, so, some candidate really weaker than Butler with the people, and not a particularly shining light morally either, may carry the convention. Doctor George B. Loring, for example, who is a professional office-seeker who has for years been painfully seeking the governorship, is said to be very determined not to be put off this time. His friend Butler is popularly believed to have robbed him of one or two nominations, and this time the Doctor will make an out-and-out fight. But it may be doubted if any convention can be made to believe him really a formidable personage, and if he may not be thrown aside unregarded as he was by Butler—a gentleman who knows when to be bold as well as he knows when not. Other candidates are plentiful, but no names of particular prominence are mentioned except Mr. Hoar's, which, in view of his recent services, would doubtless be a strong one; but probably the men inside politics could mention several things which, in spite of their fondness for him, compel them to think him unavailable. Mr. Phillips, we see, is out in favor of his friend Butler, and it might cheer the spirit of Doctor Loring if he would go over in his mind the times when Mr. Phillips was on the winning side, and of these see how many there were when he did not immediately set off and go into his own corner.

In Ohio, the leaders are trying to import some life into the contest, but it is hot, and everybody languishes. In September, however, there will be hard work, and it may reasonably be expected that the Republicans are going to carry the State, which is what they could hardly venture to hope two months ago. For one thing, the Ohio Democracy are open repudiators, and that alone ought to be the ruin of them. For another, it is by no means all of them who are pleased with "the new departure," and a great deal of the vitality and power of growth in that bantling of Mr. Vallandigham's were buried when he was, so that what hope there was of his serpent's swallowing up the others has in good part disappeared, and there is division in the Democratic ranks which will be felt at the polls. Then, too, there is a quarrel as to whether the candidate really got votes enough to nominate him, while the Republicans, on the other hand, escaped Mr. Ben Wade as a candidate—definitively, we trust, relegating that war-horse to grass, in spite of his announcement that he should deem himself false to his record if he could decline to obey the summons of the party—and escaped also a San Domingo plank in their platform, or rather declined outright to put one in. Those Republican journals, then, are probably right which are expecting a Republican success; but probably those are not so right which, we perceive, are already getting their mouths made up to announce the success as "an endorsement of the

administration of President Grant." One good result, by the way, of a thorough civil service reform would be that there would be a stronger tendency to make State elections turn on State questions, and the attention of the people would be concentrated on their local office-holders, who would be called to a stricter account than at present. The general Government's means of interference now work harm in various ways, both in Washington and in every State capital.

The weighty question whether the President would pardon Bowen the bigamist has, we believe, at last been solved. He has pardoned him, on the ground that he acted in good faith; but no public explanation has yet been offered of the fraudulent divorce proceedings here and in Connecticut.

The Bowen bigamy having been got out of the way, the prominent Washington topic is the dispute between Mr. Boutwell and General Pleasanton—the latter, to make a long story short, denying the right of appeal to Mr. Boutwell from his decisions as Commissioner of Internal Revenue. They have come to loggerheads on other points, but this is the main question between them; and the beauty of the affair to the cynics is, that Mr. Boutwell is suffering now from the operation of a law made to exalt the Commissionership in power and dignity during the Johnson period, when Mr. Rollins held it, and the Secretary of the Treasury was suspected of heresy. The law gave nearly the whole control of the Internal Revenue collection to the Commissioner, and Mr. Boutwell, who was its most prominent supporter, forgot to get it repealed before he came into office. But the quarrel with General Pleasanton began when the latter came out against the income tax, and issued regulations for the assessment which went far to make its collection impossible, Mr. Boutwell being a firm supporter of it. The difficulty of settling the dispute lies in the fact that while the Commissioner has a very fair color of law on his side, and has a strong hold on the President's favor drawn from old military associations, the Secretary is rather too important an official to be lightly sacrificed, and has won a high reputation for honesty and fidelity, which ought not to be much to say of a financial minister, but, in the times in which we live, is a great deal. Mr. Boutwell has held enormous power over the money market ever since he took office, and the absence of all suspicion of abuse of it is certainly a strong testimony to his character.

The brutal assault on the Orange procession, in celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, which occurred last year in this city, and which the police made little effort to prevent, and for which nobody was punished, led to preparations on a great scale among the Orangemen to repeat the celebration this year, and to still more extensive preparations among the Catholic Irish for an attack on them. The result was that the city was for a full week in expectation of a bloody riot yesterday (Wednesday). The Orangemen called on the city authorities for protection, and the Catholics vowed that no protection should avail them; but the Catholics, for obvious reasons, carried their point, and forced Mayor Hall and the Superintendent of the Police into the unparalleled step of prohibiting the procession. The two documents—one a letter from the Mayor to the Grand Master of the Orange Association, and the other the general order of the Superintendent of Police—in which the reasons for not permitting the reception are given, are perhaps as amusing contributions as have yet been made to the literature of the municipality. Not that the reasons are not all good; they are those which have made the best Irishmen for the last seventy years look on the Orange societies as curses to Ireland, and which have led to the statutory prohibition of these processions in Ireland, after years of violence and bloodshed; and no candid and disinterested person can gainsay their force. But coming from Mayor Hall and Superintendent Kelso, who are well known to be simply obeying the orders of the Irish Catholic mob, represented in the Ring by two of its prominent members, they have a very ludicrous sound, particularly as the same authorities saw no

objection to Fenian processions, which were highly offensive to thousands, or the great German procession, which celebrated a triumph in war to the last degree humiliating to another portion of the American population. This open surrender of the city authorities to a lawless and bloodthirsty mob, involving as it did the establishment of a precedent which would make all processions dependent on the will of the majority for the time being, and put into the hands of the Mayor the power of deciding what events it was proper for American citizens to celebrate by parade, was too much even for the New York public; it was too much even for Governor Hoffman, and at last roused in him the old American Adam, which seems to have been sleeping a good deal of late. So he came to New York, revoked the Superintendent's order, issued a proclamation announcing his intention to protect the Orangemen at all hazards, and put the troops under arms, and at this writing stands ready to open a passage for the procession at the point of the bayonet.

We are, of course, heartily glad that the city has been saved from the disgrace which the Mayor and his confederates were about to inflict on it, and glad, too, that the followers of the Ring are about to receive a lesson in toleration; but this does not prevent us regretting deeply that this affair has ever occurred, because it marks, we fear, the formal transfer to American soil of one of the most ferocious, baleful quarrels of the Old World. We shall now have to prepare for a battle in the streets every Twelfth of July, and even if the law be every year successfully enforced—which is at least doubtful—the hates and antagonisms which these processions breed will burn through the rest of the year, and lead to many an outrage. The persons who parade in honor of St. Patrick in this city every year have certainly not as yet established many claims to the sympathy or respect of the American public, and get very little of either; but it ought not to be forgotten, in comparing the St. Patrick's procession with the Orange one, that St. Patrick was a Christian missionary and civilizer, and that a tribute to his memory does not and ought not to rouse any bitterness or animosity in the mind of any rational man. His name is associated with nothing but peace and good-will. The Battle of the Boyne, on the other hand, though it established civil and religious liberty on a firm basis in England, and was, therefore, one of the most important battles in history—*pace* the historians of the City Hall—was for the Irish the beginning of a period of almost unparalleled misery and oppression, and established among them a system of class-rule which it is no exaggeration to call devilish, and which came to an end only at the time of the American Revolution. That the Irish Catholics should therefore still remember it with hate and rage, and should see in a public celebration of it a kind of open rejoicing over their sorrow and degradation, and that the spectacle of such a celebration should rouse the more ignorant and degraded of them into blood and fury, is nothing wonderful. Orangemen profess to be very pious and great Bible-readers, and are, we believe, on the whole, a highly respectable and intelligent body of men. It may not, therefore, be useless to suggest to them, that now that their rights have been vindicated, the most creditable thing they could do for their order and for Protestantism would be to go in procession no more.

The City Ring has done a pretty good stroke of business during the week in procuring the publication of an apology for them in the New York *Evangelist*, the highly respectable organ of the Presbyterian body. Nobody who knows anything of the editor will doubt that he published it in perfect good faith, but it was nevertheless an act of singular indiscretion. It was the result, we learn, of an evening's conversation in his own house with Judge Hilton, whom the *Evangelist* pronounces a good man, but who, good or bad, has shown remarkable facility during the last two or three years in acting with some outrageously and notoriously bad men, and from whom, therefore, it would be absurd to expect a fair statement of the condition of the city government under the Ring in an evening's chat. There are certain facts about the Ring which admit of no denial. As, for example, that its members have grown enormously rich in a very few years without being engaged in any legitimate business calculated to bring in large re-

turns; that various misappropriations of large sums of public money and jobs have been proved against them; that large sums of money which pass into their hands have disappeared and have not been accounted for; that they for two years persisted in refusing to publish any accounts whatever; that they corrupt the legislature of this State and two of its judges. It is no answer to these charges to say that the city government is improving in their hands, that our parks are better kept, or our streets better paved. That might satisfy a French atheist or a Roman pagan, it ought not to satisfy "professing Christians" in America. It is not enough for us that the government is efficient—we have to see if we can that it is *pure*, that honest men administer it, and that neither its honors nor profits go to knaves, or ruffians, or whoremongers. Civilization demands this of us, and we owe it above all to the next generation not to give up trying for it, however wearisome the task may be. We may be thankful that Tweed and Sweeny are no worse, but we cannot afford to pardon them for being so bad. Such men cannot be forgiven, no matter how the parks are kept, if we mean to keep up the semblance of a moral standard in politics. Of course, we understand many good people's being weary of the denunciation of the Ring kept up by the New York *Times*, but then we do not see how moral, much less religious, men can find fault with that paper on any other grounds than those of taste or policy. We think, for our own part, the persistence and pluck it has shown have been deserving of the highest praise, and if anybody finds its iteration tiresome, it is the theme which is to blame. The one good and all-sufficient reason for denouncing the Ring every day is that the Ring is every day appropriating the public money, or debauching the public conscience. We used ourselves, in like manner, to be frequently requested to let Butler alone, at a time when Butler was every day trying some new trick in Congress, or making some effort to demoralize the public out-of-doors.

There came near being a very ugly tussle between the *Times* and *Tribune* last week—so near, indeed, that people began to put up their shutters and call the children in from the street, the cause being that old and delicate one of "free love," which seems of late to have a more irritating effect on the newspaper mind than anything in the whole range of "topics." It began with Mrs. Paulina Davis, who writes flowery letters in the *Tribune*, showing that, when a wife does not like her husband, she ought to have the privilege of leaving him and trying another; to which the *Tribune* very naturally replied that this was "free love," and that, when a woman made a mistake with one husband, there was no reason why she should not make a mistake with the second, and so on, and pointed out the obvious conclusion that under this system there was good ground for fearing that large numbers of women would go on trying new men all their lives, without ever finding their soul's darling—that is, that we should have under it no addition whatever to the happiness of society, and a very considerable addition to its filth. It also pointed to the murder in Newark of the late distinguished statesman, "Pet" Halsted, and the numerous murders of Mrs. Sherman of Connecticut, as illustrations of the consequences of indulgence of lawless desires. Whereupon the *Times* remarked that this was very surprising language to come from that quarter, and the *Tribune* immediately began to take off its coat and cravat, and there was for a few minutes prospect of bloody work.

Business is even duller than is usual at this season of the year. Under the influence of large receipts here and lower prices in Europe, breadstuffs have declined, although the principal European crops are reported unpromising. Cotton has further advanced on the accumulating evidence of a largely increased consumption, but the weather has been more favorable for the growing crop. Meats are firm at the prevailing low prices, dry-goods are dull, coal unexpectedly firm, and real estate stagnant. Exports are light, and the foreign exchanges were consequently strong, with an advancing gold premium, until the close of the week. But the extraordinary success of the French loan had the effect to stimulate to a great degree all the financial markets of Europe, a very marked demand for American bonds resulted, leading to large shipments, with a consequent decline in exchange and a moderate



reaction in gold. Later on, rumors of a sudden and unexpected success in the attempt to place our new five per cent. bonds abroad were generally circulated, then denied, and finally again reported as confirmed, the negotiation being reported as made through the London house of Jay Cooke & Co. The financial markets are all more or less affected by these rumors and reports, which, in view of the general buoyancy of the money market abroad, are entirely probable. The new French loan is quoted at a premium, and the old Rentes have advanced to 56, which is the highest point touched since the first reverses of the Empire. The discovery that the coin reserve and securities of the Bank of France as well as of many other financial institutions remained entirely untouched by the Commune, despite reports to the contrary, has contributed materially to the revival of confidence and activity in France and throughout Europe, but there are many minor indications that the seeming prosperity is in many instances fictitious and artificial.

There is some alarm in England over the fact that the Council of the International Society have marked out England as the country in which their great experiment on modern society can be most effectively tried first, as the country in which "the capitalist power—labor combined on a great scale under master capitalists—has gained possession of the whole process of production," and the only country where "every change in the economic facts will immediately react on the whole world." In short, "the English have every material condition for the social revolution; what they have not, is the generalizing spirit and the revolutionary passion." The Council decides, therefore, that while England is a good place in which to set the work on foot, it ought on no account, owing to the moral defects of the Englishman, "be allowed to fall into purely English hands." In other words, the Assys, Dombrowskis, and Cluserets are to be brought over to manage it. This prospect of the Commune say in London or Liverpool, worked by the statesmen who superintended the institution in Paris, has apparently alarmed some of the "educated men" who were apologizing for its doings, a month or two ago. The *Spectator* has a strong appeal to the English workingmen not to be led astray, and Professor Beesly writes to the *London Times* trying to "hedge" a little. He says that the account given by a "distinguished Positivist," some time ago (whom we have reason to believe was M. Littré), of the aims and creed of the Communists, was not authoritative. Its correctness, however, is not denied, and indeed the address of the Council, from which we have made extracts elsewhere, confirms it in every particular. We have more than once cited it in the *Nation*. Anybody who has read it, or read any statement of the objects of the Commune emanating from anybody connected with it, must have been amused by the accounts given of these objects to the American public by Messrs. Wendell Phillips and B. F. Butler. The *New York Times* made an attempt to drive Mr. Phillips into a corner by publishing in parallel columns what Mr. Phillips says about the Commune and what the Commune says about itself, which, however, only shows that the *Times* did not know its man. What would it say if Mr. Phillips were to inform it that all the Communists knew about the Commune they had learned from him?

Concerning the French elections of July 2, the Cable has left us in considerable darkness, the reports continuing contradictory both as to the number and the political complexion of the candidates elected. The first classification spoke of "120 Republicans, 8 Legitimists, and 12 Bonapartists;" the next of "86 for Thiers, 13 Radicals, 2 Legitimists, 3 Orléanists, and 1 Bonapartist"; then we hear that "the elections have increased the majority of the supporters of President Thiers in the Assembly by fully 100"; and, finally, that the election of M. Moreau "increases the Republican delegation from the capital to 7"—though Paris elected 26 representatives. Thus much, however, is certain, that the aggregate of the elections is generally felt and admitted in France to have been a great victory for both Thiers and the Republic, though not all Thiersites elected are Republicans, and not all Republicans supporters of Thiers. Both Legitimists and Bonapartists have suffered a crushing defeat; more or less secretly, however, they console themselves with the thought that their Republican antagonists, who are now masters of the field, will soon manage to

compromise their new position by excesses and errors—a speculation which derives only too much support from the history of the past.

The Comte de Chambord has hastily acknowledged the utter rout of his supporters—though not of his hopes—by announcing that he is not going to avail himself of the recent abrogation of the proscription laws for taking his abode in the country of his birth and royal ancestors, for fear that his presence in it might give countenance to agitation. He is to wait until France will call him not only to her bosom but to her throne, and then, he adds, "we shall found a government with decentralization, liberty, and universal suffrage as our mottoes." These are sound mottoes, and somewhat different from some enunciations lately made by the same august personage when the royalist tide seemed to be irresistible. He continues, however, to praise the army, though the vote of the army in the supplementary elections may have contributed more than anything else to cast dismay into the ranks of the Bourbonists, and into the heart of their future Henry V., who had tried so hard to cajole MacMahon into playing the part of Monk. That vote is reported as overwhelmingly Republican, and to have been cast for lists of candidates "all headed with the name of Gambetta," which, if true, is of rather evil omen for the future of France, as it signifies the desire of the army either for a dictatorship or for war. Gambetta himself, however, is stated to counsel moderation, and the doings of the National Assembly show that it sees in the elections not the triumph of Gambetta, but of Thiers. The old statesman's principal care is to pay the indemnity, get rid of the Germans, and pacify France. He is reported to have discharged half of the Commune prisoners. His attitude towards foreign powers, Germany and Italy not excluded, is friendly. One of the great difficulties within is the question of the unpaid Paris house-rents.

There is a fierce conflict going on in France over the income-tax, which the free-traders of the agricultural and wine-growing districts clamor for, as a good substitute for the protective duties with which M. Poyer-Quertier threatens them, and which they, having tasted the sweets of free-trade, dread. The protectionists are strongly opposed to the tax on the ground that it would be a tax on a class, and therefore odious and dangerous, and would yield little, the great mass of French incomes being so small, and would lead to an enormous amount of fraud and evasion, Frenchmen thinking it no great harm to cheat the government. The result will probably be a compromise, as M. Poyer-Quertier will probably find it impossible to carry out the protectionist programme as it now stands, involving a rise of about 300 per cent. in the customs duties.

The German celebrations of victory and peace are over, or nearly over. There were, on a number of days, grand displays, rejoicings, and thanksgivings throughout the new Empire, both north and south of the Main. The city of Hanover, which five years ago was deprived by Prussia of its dignity as the residence of a sovereign king, seems alone of all the great cities of the Empire to have given vent to its feelings of disaffection towards the triumphant Hohenzollern, by refusing to vote the sum required for a celebration—an act of discord which has caused much comment of an unpleasant character. The ultramontanes of various parts of Germany added to the mortification thus inflicted on the more passionate unionists by not only celebrating on the days of the triumphal entry and thanksgiving at Berlin—July 16 and July 18—the coinciding twenty-fifth anniversaries of the election and see-taking of Pope Pius IX., but also boasting that the jubiliations in honor of the Catholic Pontiff surpassed those performed for the glorification of the Protestant Emperor. Things, however, passed off quietly everywhere, and Germany is gradually subsiding into real peace and unity. Annexation proclivities here and there continue to be manifested, some self-constituted leaders of public opinion demanding the incorporation of the German provinces of Austria, others the deliverance of the Germans in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and still others the occupation of the Island of Heligoland; but these reckless counsels are scouted by the better sense of the nation, as either premature, adventurous, or flagrantly unjust.

## THE GREAT LAND QUESTION.

THE growing indifference on the part of the great body of the people in Europe to political questions, as distinguished from social questions, is aggravated in England by the difficulty of the land question, which is both social and political, and on the whole, perhaps, more social than political. It is not denied that the constitution of society is everywhere more or less dependent on the way in which the land of the country is held. If a few persons hold it, they will almost inevitably form an aristocracy, and exercise an amount of social and political influence such as no other species of property of equal value would give them. If the majority are landholders, they will form a democracy, and the existence of a small privileged or influential class, let it be never so wealthy, will be difficult or impossible. This well-known influence of the distribution of land on politics and society is in England strengthened by the traditions of a thousand years. The national character itself has worked in its favor. There is something in the unprogressiveness and permanence, and the having-and-holding character of this kind of property, which is grateful to ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred, in spite of the bold spirit of speculation displayed in English commercial history. All English speculators, however, from the Conquest down, whether they fought or traded, did so with a view to owning land, and surrounding their names with the fixity of land. The result has been, however, that the soil on which over 30,000,000 of people live has worked itself gradually into the hands of 30,000 proprietors, and the tendency in the same direction continues as strong as ever. Whichever way English reformers turn, therefore, they find themselves face to face with the land question. The process of democratization cannot be carried much if any farther than it has gone, unless the great estates can be broken up, or, at all events, an end be put to their agglomeration. But how is either of these things to be done without attacking the very principle of property, which moderate reformers are just now very anxious about, and feel to be seriously imperilled by the assaults of a much less scrupulous enemy?

There was a time when it was the fashion of platform agitators to say that all that was needed was to abolish primogeniture; but it has now become generally known that you might abolish primogeniture without seriously affecting the size of English estates in five centuries. The death of an owner of real estate in England without having made a will, and having regulated the descent of his property by a settlement, is a very rare occurrence—so rare that it might for all practical purposes be said to be unknown, and it is only in cases of intestacy that the law of primogeniture operates. The law might, as in France, interfere with the right of testamentary disposition, but this would be evaded by "settlements," such as are now made between father and son, and to interfere with these open proclamation has to be made of the theory that there is a distinction between real and personal property, which requires that the transmission, transfer, and tenure of the one should be regulated in a different manner from those of the other. This is the theory, however, which the English Tories have held and legislated on for centuries, and, what is more to the purpose, it is the theory against which the English Radicals have always fought. The latter have invariably contended that the sale or descent of a piece of ground should be as easy as that of a sheep, and the formalities no greater or more expensive than might be necessary to provide proper evidence of title. This view, however, the Conservatives have of late shown a suspicious willingness to accept, and the Radicals have begun to find out that, even if they got it embodied in legislation, the absorption of the small holdings would probably go on as rapidly as ever, for the simple reason that, owing to the eager competition for land among persons who have made large fortunes in trade, the price of land all over England is what dealers call "a fancy price"—that is, a price which men pay for a luxury, and which makes the usual return on capital impossible. No man buys an estate in England nowadays with the view of making money out of it. He buys it with the view of "founding a family," and giving himself social consideration, and amusing himself. The buyers of land, therefore, are always in the market, offering prices which no holder who is dependent on his land for his living can well afford to refuse, and which in practice few men

of the farming and yeomanry class, in these days of speculation, emigration, and travel, think of refusing. The process which is going on all over England is, in short, the one which everybody is familiar with in the neighborhood of our great cities in this country, where land has come into demand for "country seats," and, therefore, risen ten or twenty times above its value for farming purposes. In other words, poor men cannot afford to own land. The evils of this state of things are now a subject of daily comment. The separation of the great body of the people from the soil, and the stripping of the land of all sentimental association with the national life, and its reduction to the character of an instrument of production simply, and the diminution to a mere handful of the number of those who can be said to have any real interest in the defense of property against the disorganizing theories which are gaining currency among the inhabitants of the great cities, are matters which begin to excite serious apprehension amongst all who have anything to lose. France, whenever the devil of socialism is let loose in her great cities, is able at once to meet him, and, if need be, to crush him with millions of peasant proprietors. But what could thirty thousand "noblemen and gentlemen," who now constitute "the landed interest" of England, do if the landless majority were to become hostile to, or even indifferent about, their rights? It is not the Radicals only, therefore, whom the present state of things is alarming. Conservatives, too, begin to see its dangers.

How is such a division of the soil as exists in France—supposing it to be desirable—to be brought about? It has in France been the result of three things—the general impoverishment of the noblesse, through their extravagance and exclusion from trade and from intermarriage with the commercial class before the Revolution; the confiscation and sale of noble and church estates during the Revolution; and the abolition of the freedom of testamentary disposition made by the Revolution. When we consider what all these things mean, and what an extraordinary combination of circumstances has been needed to produce them, it will be seen that even if the condition of landed property in France were never so desirable, it would be no easy matter to introduce it into any other country. To introduce it into England would require a far greater upturning than has ever taken place in France.

Supposing it were introduced, however, and supposing it to be desirable, would it be possible to maintain it without a great change in the Anglo-Saxon character and in the Anglo-Saxon philosophy of life? There is one fact in the social condition of both England and America which has to be seriously considered by anybody who undertakes to regulate the distribution of landed property in either of them, and that is the growing indisposition of the people to play the part of small farmers, and their increasing eagerness for town life and increasing restiveness under the solitude and monotony of country life. The French peasant's love of land and the tenacity with which he clings to and labors on the minutest portion of the soil, are in a large degree the result of his ignorance and want of enterprise. If he were educated and his horizon enlarged, and the spirit of speculation or desire to "get on," which devours Anglo-Saxon societies like a fever, were once to take possession of him, we should assuredly hear no more of the extreme division of the soil in France. It is safe to say that wherever the peasants are educated, or, in other words, wherever the farming-class is ceasing to be peasantry, the alienation from farming life, which is so marked a feature of American society, has sprung up or will spring up. The soil of England might, therefore, be parcelled out among farm laborers to-morrow, but if their sons went to the district schools and got a knowledge of strange places, and a hankering after the easy gains of trade, and the clean life of the store, the probabilities are very strong that they would be found disposing of their patrimony or abandoning it as eagerly as the sons of farmers in New York or Ohio. The truth is that the railroad, the telegraph, and the newspaper have taken the magic out of freeholds. The process of the concentration of land in few hands does not go on here because, in the first place, no man can here get either income or social consideration out of the holding of larger tracts of farming land than he can himself cultivate, and, in the second place, because Europe is steadily supplying a class who are still in the peasant condition of mind and body, to take the place of the natives who are abandoning



agriculture. We consequently do not need to trouble ourselves about the matter from a political point of view, and probably shall never have to do so; but one does not need to be very perspicacious to see that the problem, how to make country life attractive, which occupies social philosophers so much in the United States already, lies at the root of the land difficulty in England—far below the question of primogeniture or of testamentary disposition. To keep land divided in the way which seems most desirable in a healthy society, and at the same time make the farmer something better than a peasant, we must in some way make life on the farm more attractive than it is now. It is easy enough to provide that every man's real estate shall be divided equally among his children at his death, or that no man shall rent land to be cultivated by another, or even that no man shall own more than a certain quantity; but one certain result of this would be to make land a very undesirable species of property which few would wish to hold, and a likely result would be that nobody would live on it or cultivate it, except a class very inferior in intelligence and character to the rest of the community; and we should thus create and perpetuate the odious distinction between the town and the country population which has converted unhappy France into two mutually hostile nations.

Mr. J. S. Mill and others have organized an association to deal with the land question, and they have begun operations by a blow at the rich landholders, which is based on Mr. Mill's theory, that as land, being limited in quantity, and the source of subsistence, really belongs—and ought to belong—to the state, and as in England and all other countries whose law has a feudal foundation it legally belongs to the state also, the state is entitled to all the increased value which the land in the hands of private holders may have received from the increase of population and the rise of great towns and so on. He would not give this rule a retroactive character: that is, he would let those whose land has risen in value up to this date pocket their gains, but he would keep a watch on "the rise in real estate" hereafter, and see that the state, and the state only, profited by it. Whatever the abstract merits of this scheme may be, it may be safely said of it, as of many other schemes of reform now before the world, that they would probably answer the expectations of their authors in a society composed of philosophers or highly educated, far-seeing, and self-controlled people—that is, such a society as does not now exist and is not likely to exist for many generations; and that you cannot at the present day fling such a plan into the political arena of any community with the least expectation of seeing it carried out with the reserves and qualifications and restrictions necessary to prevent its degenerating into wholesale robbery. Let us add that we doubt whether it would have been seriously propounded in any country in which land had not been looked upon, as it has in England for centuries, as a possession of peculiar sanctity and dignity, totally unlike any other possession known to civilization. If such a theory as Mr. Mill's were gravely taken up by such a body of legislators as the great cities in Europe, for instance, would be likely to elect, or by such a body of legislators as some constituencies in America do already elect, the chances that they would confine themselves to confiscating the increase in the value of the landed property would be amusingly small. Fancy the Parisian Commune, for instance, or the New York Legislature solemnly restraining themselves within the limits of the distinction drawn by Mr. Mill between realty and personalty, and, while taking away Mr. Astor's gains from the rise in the value of his unimproved lots, letting Mr. Moses Taylor, or Mr. Stewart, or Mr. Dodge pocket the value of the rise in his bank stock, or railroad stock, or steamboat stock, or in his mining stock, or oyster-beds, or stock-in-trade, which could be ascribed to the general growth of the community in wealth and numbers. In fact, if any such idea were seriously taken up in our time, there is not one of us who would not every year be called upon to hand over to a pack of political knaves every cent which he could not show to have been the product of his personal labor; that we have no right to anything else is a doctrine already preached by one branch of the "Labor Reformers."

#### "RADICALS" AND "CONSERVATIVES."

RADICALISM has of late been bringing good people into such strange places and queer company that many have begun to ask, in some

alarm, whether one must really give up one's interest in reform, and one's desire to promote it, through fear of falling into or helping the excesses to which attempts at reform have in some cases led. Are they to give up all effort to settle the labor question, through fear of communism; all efforts to improve the condition of woman, through fear of "free love"; all efforts to abate intemperance, through fear of the trickery and unreason of prohibition? Just now, owing to events which are present in everybody's mind, this halting mood is more than usually widespread. Many persons who have been Radicals all their lives are in doubt whether to be Radical any longer; but at the same time have such a traditional horror of standing still, that they shudder at the thought of bringing on themselves the name of "Conservatives."

To all these doubters we think we can offer one or two consolatory suggestions, and suggestions that may possibly be useful in other ways than consolation. To those of the younger generation all over the country, and their number is very large, who have entered on their careers since the questions by which the last generation was most fiercely agitated were laid at rest, and who, while sincerely anxious to serve their kind, hesitate about the banner under which they should enrol themselves, we take the liberty of saying that there is no more necessity for calling themselves either Radicals or Conservatives than Guelfs, or Ghibellines, or Whigs, or Tories, or Federalists, or Democrats, Legitimists or Republicans, and for the simple reason that, in politics and sociology, the great question has ceased to be, Shall we stand where we are, or go forward? The question which now occupies men's minds is, What is the next best thing to do? In other words, none, or next to none, now maintain that things are best as they are; all admit that change may be a good thing, and that change is inevitable; the differences in our time are about the changes which it is best to try to hasten by active efforts, and the changes which it is best to leave to their natural course. There are, of course, old Conservatives who do not understand this, and who go about armed *cap-a-pie*, looking for Radicals, and who, expecting to find them murdering children and gutting houses, are surprised to find them teaching schools and nursing in hospitals; so also, there are old Radicals who are always collecting the power of the country to help them to root Conservatives out of their feudal strongholds, and are surprised to find them living in frame houses, and playing on pianos, or reading penny papers. But these eccentricities are the traditions of a period when Conservatives had no scruple in saying that they liked the world as it was because they got a good deal out of it, and when Radicals were so exasperated by this that they elevated mere assault and destruction into a mission.

There is no occasion any longer to belong to either faction, because there has come over the world a sense, which is none the less strong for not always finding expression or recognition, that the affairs of men in society are to a large extent the subjects of scientific adjustment, and in fact cannot be adjusted in any way but scientifically, and that though the "enthusiasm of humanity" may often be necessary to keep the machinery in motion, in the construction and arrangement of it something totally different from enthusiasm is necessary. When we say this, nobody need fancy that we are trying to administer a dose of Positivism in disguise; we are only saying what every thinking man, no matter what his views about the freedom of the will may be, acknowledges to be true. No opinions about the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the sale and manufacture of whiskey, for instance, affect a rational man's recognition of the fact that there is a point beyond which a tax on whiskey cannot be raised; and no opinions about the final cause of disease ever shut any intelligent person's eyes to the fact that cholera is controllable or preventable by certain sanitary precautions. We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely if it were necessary. What they would all show would be the fact that science has taken firm hold of society, and although we may not say, or believe, that the laws of human society will ever be discovered, or that there is not a wide margin reserved to individual freedom, the perfecting of the social arrangements is now, and must become more and more every day, the result of the careful collection, arrangement, and skilful comparison of facts and of the study of human character.

When we say this we suggest some curious reflections as to the pre-

cise status of the Radical as we all know him, and as many of us love and respect him. If a gentleman should present himself to Professor W. D. Whitney with his cravat off and his hair streaming in the wind, and tell him that he was utterly disgusted with the received theories about the origin and structure of language, that nothing good had ever come of them, and that he was going to war against them perpetually till he had overturned them and established new ones, and he were to confess on examination that he had never studied language, that he knew nothing of any tongue but his own, and did not understand the grammar of that, and that he had the merest smattering of ethnology, the Professor would certainly think he was either a very impudent or crazy person, and would waste but little time on him. Or if another was to visit Professor Peirce, and denounce astronomy as now taught, and vow never to rest till he had worked out a new and very superior solar system of his own, and were then to acknowledge that he was totally ignorant of mathematics and chemistry, or of the history of astronomy, and meant to remain so, the Professor would in like manner drive him off as a bore or fool. But a very large proportion of the Radicals of the day are really conducting themselves with absurdity almost as great over a subject even more recondite than language or astronomy. There is nothing deeper hidden than the springs of human action, and yet all our legislation and social arrangements have to be based on the imperfect glimpses we have got of them here and there through many ages.

The road before the reformer of to-day is, in fact, plainer than ever it was. His one duty is to find out things. His father was occupied in assailing monstrous and palpable evils, and getting the government into the hands of the many; the son has no such duty. He has no abuse of any magnitude to attack which is maintained by the few for their own comfort. His work is to adjust the relations of the individuals of the great crowd to each other, so that they may be enabled to lead a quiet, and comfortable, and free life. There is no need, therefore, of his hiring himself out to a "cause," or taking service under a banner, or calling himself either a Preserver or an Uprooter. He will preserve or uproot just as seems best, and without fancying that there is any more merit in one kind of work than in the other, or that it is a peculiarly noble thing to keep continually putting down plants and sowing seeds which he has no reasonable ground for believing to be suited either to the climate or soil. He will not, in order to give the laborer a better chance in life, spend his days howling against capitalist greed; nor, in order to elevate women in the social sphere, devote himself to denouncing men and marriage; nor, by way of promoting municipal independence, apologize for the burning of cities.

If it would not be travelling out of our domain, we should venture to suggest an application of what we are here saying to our esteemed and active friend, the Religious Radical, who just now hardly ever passes a night in his bed, and discovers a new object of adoration every week, and, if he can only get people to worship his god, will reciprocate the politeness by worshipping any other well-endorsed deity that is presented to him. It is apparently the opinion of this gentleman that some prodigious gain will result to mankind by having the greatest possible number of people lay before the world and work into each other's brains the greatest possible variety of odds and ends of religious ideas, and the amount of activity expended in this way by men and women whose speculations even on mean or simple subjects are of little value, and whose speculations on time, space, and eternity are absolutely worthless, is one of the most curious phenomena of the day. Now, what we would say on this point to any young man who is starting in life with the desire of either making the world better or promoting his own culture, is that, considered from the social standpoint, religion is of little or no interest or importance, except in so far as it promotes right living. Religious opinions which purify and elevate character, promote truthfulness, justice, temperance, and chastity, and brotherly kindness, or, in other words, supply springs of action, are infinitely valuable; religious opinions which do nothing more than help debating clubs to chop logic, and give people who have not learned how to think something to sharpen their wits over, and which a man may hold and proclaim daily without leaving off lying, or distorting, or slandering, or cheating, or stealing,

are things with which nobody who wants to keep his brain clear, healthy, and strong, and his moral perceptions in good working order, will have anything to say to. They are to the mind what tipping is to the body.

#### ENGLAND.—BROUGHAM—GROTE—THE BALLOT IN IRELAND.

LONDON, June 23, 1871.

I HAVE just been reading the second volume of Lord Brougham's autobiography. Though the book is rather disappointing on the whole, it contains some letters and anecdotes curiously illustrative of the history of his time. The Brougham of the middle of this century was a very feeble and rather querulous old gentleman, with an undignified appetite for applause, and too great a reluctance to retire from the stage when his powers were failing. The amazingly strong constitution with which he, like most great lawyers, was gifted, seemed to have preserved his passion for notoriety after the comparative eclipse of his intellectual faculties. Yet he was interesting as the representative of a past generation. It was pleasant to see the mainstay of the old *Edinburgh Review*, the advocate of Queen Caroline, the energetic popular orator, the successful lawyer, who, as his chief rival remarked, if he had only known a little law would have known a little of everything. That was a singularly happy description; and I think that anybody who turns to Lord Brougham's writings in the hopes of learning much from them will be disposed to admit that he scarcely escaped the ordinary fate of those who aim at omniscience. His works are generally flimsy and pretentious. The present book, written in his old age, shows some singular symptoms of senility, as, for example, he transcribes a whole story of Voltaire's as written (doubtless it was translated) by himself at the age of thirteen; and he quotes a letter of George II., written to the Frederick who "was alive and is dead," as written by George III. to George IV. some sixty years later. Still, as the book is composed in great part of letters written during the first years of the century, when he was in his full vigor, it includes some valuable materials. The greatest triumph of Brougham's life was the defence of Queen Caroline. His eloquence on that occasion has been often celebrated, and is noticed with pardonable pride in this book. The position of the royal family is altered since those days. It is in no danger of any such disgraceful scandals, and, at the same time, it is far from exciting the same amount of loyalty by its virtues. The monarchy in its present form could scarcely stand such an exposure. It is bound to be respectable, on penalty of ceasing to exist, except, indeed, that one sometimes wonders whether a little more originality—even if it took a direction not strictly virtuous—might not be more popular than monotonous decency. It would be almost impertinent to speak of the merits of our present sovereign, for it seems like complimenting a lady in a private station for not outraging domestic proprieties. The Prince of Wales, in spite of certain scandalous stories, which have now pretty well died out, is admitted to be a very harmless, if not at all a brilliant, young man. His worst crime is that he patronizes the disgraceful sport of pigeon-shooting, which is unfortunately popular with our aristocracy, and some rather shrewd remarks have been made upon our distinguished legislators, who cease for a time from the labor of obstructing all business in Parliament to spend days in knocking over wretched birds in a garden. However frivolous and cruel the sport may be, it can hardly be considered as a heavy crime in the Prince not to be in advance of the sentiment which prevails in his class. And, on the whole, there is little enough in a positive way to be said against any of the family. How long this negative recommendation and the conservative disposition of Englishmen may keep the monarchy in its present position it would be hard to prophesy, but it may safely be said that just now the ordinary tone of mind is made up of absolute indifference and the certain stolid dislike to the risk and bother of a change. It is the state of mind of a husband who has discovered that his wife is silly and a bore, but feels that a separation would be more trouble than it is worth.

Another veteran author has just left us. Mr. Grote died a few days ago, and his services to English literature are beyond any panegyric that I can pronounce. His name was one which we quoted with justifiable pride when foreigners, and especially Germans, declared that we were unable to rival them in thoroughgoing research and intelligent criticism. In other ways he was a man of mark. He was identified with the London University from its origin to the present stage of its history. That body was originally designed as an unsectarian counterpoise to the strictly orthodox universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It has been unable fairly



to rival them, as wanting both their old prestige and rich endowments, and now that, after a contest of many years, they have at length been freed, or nearly freed, from their subjection to the state church, the existence of a secular university will not be so much wanted. Still, the London University has in its way done much for education, and it has supported a number of able professors, and has enabled people of scanty means to obtain degrees and get a fair amount of instruction at a moderate rate. Almost a generation ago, Mr. Grote was conspicuous as a chief member of the school of philosophical radicals, in company with such men as Mr. Mill and Sir W. Molesworth. Their direct services to the cause of liberalism were undoubtedly great, and they have done still more in influencing the general tone of thought throughout the country. Mr. Mill is the only one left who still takes part in active politics. He differed from Mr. Grote on the particular doctrine—or, shall I call it crotchet?—with which the name of the historian is chiefly associated. It has generally been considered as a weakness of the school in question, but they were inclined to attribute an exaggerated value to mere changes of political machinery. Mr. Grote entertained expectations of the moral effect to be produced by the adoption of secret voting which to most people seem exaggerated. Perhaps he was prejudiced in favor of this plan by its classical associations. And now, by a curious coincidence, just as he has passed away from us, the Ballot Bill, so long despised and rejected, has become the chief measure of the Liberal Government for the session. The Army Bill has been mutilated and reduced to a simple measure for the abolition of purchase. Almost all the other bills introduced with so much confidence at the beginning of the session have been thrown out, and Government is bringing its whole influence to bear in favor of the Ballot Bill, in order that the session may not be described as utterly barren and wasted. The radical wing of the party will, of course, be gratified by this adoption of one of the favorite points in their programme. Most other people, I think, regard the change without any lively anticipations of a great social regeneration from its adoption. I confess that, for my own part, I am not specially enthusiastic about it, and I have very little belief that it will materially alter the balance of parties in England and Scotland. Corruption, so far as it consists in actually giving money to voters, will be a little more difficult to carry out, and a little more difficult to detect. The influence of money will, of course, not be really diminished, whether its diminution be desirable or not. Intimidation may be discouraged, and we would readily give a good deal to put a stop to such a detestable practice, though I rather doubt whether secret voting affords precisely the best means of doing it. There is, however, another result with which we are threatened by the Conservative party, the importance of which might be incalculably greater. Though few reasonable men, as I have said, expect any great change in England or Scotland, the conditions in Ireland are extremely different. The effect of the Land Law has already been to render tenants far more independent of their landlords. Grant them the protection of secret voting, and they will be more independent than ever. Already "nationalist" members have been returned in some cases, and it is said by some people that if a general election were to be held in Ireland to-morrow, nearly the whole body of members would consist of men, like Mr. Martin, pledged to insist upon repeal, and only condescending to sit in a Parliament at Westminster under protest, and with the avowed intention of bringing about a separation. Mr. Plunket, for example, a young member, with a hereditary right to eloquence, put this argument with much force last night, and undoubtedly the prospect is a serious one. If the Irish members in a body, or in anything like a body, insisted upon secession, it would certainly be a very serious matter. Mr. Plunket, who is a Conservative, declared that a general election would be dangerous at the present moment with or without the ballot, but held that the ballot would materially increase the danger. I am not qualified to pronounce any opinion on this point, nor to say whether, if the ballot enables Irishmen to make their true wishes known, they ought not to have the ballot, even if those wishes are disagreeable to us. I am content to point out a possible contingency without speculating on its further consequences.

The results of this year's census just have appeared, from which it seems that we have been increasing in the last decade more rapidly than in the preceding, whilst Ireland, though still in process of depleting, is not depleting so rapidly as of old. The most remarkable circumstance to be observed on the face of the returns is the enormous increase of the towns as compared with the country. Purely agricultural districts have fallen off in many cases, whilst such places as London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow swell with almost American rapidity. And thereby hang several morals, which I leave to your sagacity.

## PARIS AND FRANCE.

PARIS, June 27, 1871.

THE war with Germany has not been without results on the interior policy of France. For the first time in her history, a real divorce has been apparent between Paris and the rest of the country. This divorce is a new feature in our history. The moral dictatorship of Paris has been accepted almost at the remotest date. It was felt at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when Paris gave the signal of the persecution of the Protestants. Henry IV. acknowledged it when he said, "Paris is well worth a mass," and renounced the Protestant faith. This dictatorship became intolerable in the stormy days of the French Revolution and of the Terror. It became a sort of tradition, I would almost say, a dogma, that a handful of bold men, addressing a mob in the name of the sovereign people, from a window of the Hôtel de Ville, could legally proclaim a new government, and that France had nothing to do but to submit quietly to the dictation of the Parisian will. The centralization of all the political power in Paris, rendered more complete by each government in succession, and more easy by the invention of the telegraph and the railways, condensed, as it were, all the will of the country in one single spot. Paris really became the brain of France, and issued orders to all the muscles. But now, alas! the brain is diseased and these new nervous centres, and reflex movements take place in the whole body, to use the jargon of the physiologists. The revolution of the 18th March is the first example of a popular movement successful in Paris and unacknowledged by the country. This time Paris has been fairly beaten: it is now under martial law. I see groups of soldiers everywhere with chassepots on the shoulder, policemen with revolvers in the belt, and I cannot help remembering Milan at the time when the Austrian soldiers occupied it in the same fashion. The garden of the Tuileries is full of tents and of artillery, and hundreds of horses are led down to the Seine to take their drink. The Pantheon, like almost all the vast public edifices, has become a caserne; the regiments go by in their campaign-dress, with knapsacks and cartridge-boxes. You see everywhere the apparel of war. France has been beaten by Germany, and Paris has been beaten by France.

The magnitude of these events can hardly be overstated. Paris has always been the republican capital of a monarchical country. It had proclaimed again the republic on the 4th of September, without consulting the country, and all the efforts of Gambetta were directed against the nomination of a National Assembly. The government was entirely composed of the deputies of Paris, with the exception of General Trochu. In the name of the National Defence, the government of Bordeaux, which was, in fact, the dictatorship of a Parisian deputy, exercised through all France the most outrageous despotism—it dissolved the *conseils généraux*, violated all the laws, suppressed provincial newspapers, tried even at the last moment to curtail the electoral rights of the citizens. How could France be reconciled to the Republic? The tree must be judged by its fruits. The fruits of the government of the 4th of September, of the Republican and Parisian government, were the invasion of a third of France, the capitulation of Paris, the treaty of Frankfurt, the expenditure of four milliards of francs, the necessity of finding five milliards more for the Germans, and, finally, the Communist movement, with all its horrors and its follies. Paris, I have said, is the republican head of a monarchical country. But Paris does not know what a republic means; only a very few among the Republicans understand that the essence of a republic is the government of the majority by the law. In our days there are but two modes of establishing a government—universal suffrage or force. Universal suffrage has invariably been adverse to the republican form of government in France; and it will hardly now be reconciled with it. Montesquieu said that virtue was necessary to the republic; by which he meant that a republic cannot live if there are not many people capable of framing laws, of obeying laws, of understanding laws; and it must be acknowledged that this political culture, this general intelligence, is wanting in France. The country is led by instincts more than by ideas; but the instincts of the capital and of the country are totally at variance. The instincts of the *rurals*, as we now call them, are orderly, conservative, peaceful; they are, if you like, of a low order, but they are healthy; the instincts of Paris are morbid, simian, disorderly, revolutionary. Paris during the siege had really become a madhouse. There was something pestilential in the moral atmosphere. Even among the *bourgeois*, the rich bankers, and shopkeepers who escaped the tyranny of the Commune, there was a curious want of balance, of foresight, of sagacity. "We don't like the Commune," they used to say, "but we don't like the Assembly any

better. There ought to have been a compromise." They spoke of conciliation; they had almost a secret leaning towards the adventurers who occupied the Hôtel de Ville. And why? They knew it not themselves; it was because these tyrants represented the tradition of the sovereignty of Paris, because the Assembly represented the sovereignty of the French people. Paris has been for a century a Circe, who changes the wisest and the best men into fools. Politically, it is not more enlightened than France; it obeys other instincts, other passions, but it obeys only instincts and passions. Our great necessity is the diffusion of political ideas; and first of all of this idea—that a government, whatever be its name, is made for the majority of the people, and represents the wishes of the majority. An American child understands this better than M. Thiers, who, in order to gratify his own senile ambition, has been attempting to force the Republic on an Assembly which desires to establish a constitutional monarchy—better than M. Louis Blanc, who proclaims that the Republic is above the divisions of universal suffrage—better than most of our public men, who advocate a new trial of the Republic, because in the commotions and agitations of such a trial they expect to gratify their hopes with greater ease and rapidity. We live under conditions which are utterly demoralizing; there is no truth in anything. We are nominally under a republic, but the Assembly has only accepted the Republic as a fact. It may last two years, or it may last two months more. We can hardly be said to have had even a parliamentary government; for at Bordeaux M. Thiers did not take his ministry in the majority of the Chamber. Is he a king? is he a president? is his cabinet responsible? He has so far thrown all the weight of his influence on the side of the minority of the House. He had been named a deputy in twenty-seven departments as an Orleanist, and it was only after the downfall of the Commune that public opinion obliged him to consent to the abrogation of the laws of exile passed in 1848 against the Orleans family. During the first part of the second siege of Paris, he hoped to terrorize the Chamber into a proclamation of a republic it did not wish to proclaim. For the last months everything has been a sham; nobody would see the plain truth, or durst express it. It is not the fault of the people; the people expressed its wishes clearly enough in electing the House; it wanted peace with Germany, and peace in France; and, in order to have peace in France, France demands a constitutional monarchy strong enough to be liberal. France has lost all faith in the Republican party, in the liberalism, in the capacity, in the honesty of its leaders. She has made up her mind, but the politicians have not; they are still vacillating, anxious, uneasy, and they show an imbecile fear of the remnants of the Commune and of the Bonapartes. But if anything can give any chance to the Bonapartes, it is the trial of the Republic. The Republic of 1848 paved the way for them; if the monarchical party of the House does not impose its will on M. Thiers and his followers, we may see again a *coup d'état*, which will be fatal to liberty and to parliamentary institutions.

A. L.

## Correspondence.

### A LAST WORD FOR MR. CHENEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel great reluctance to trouble you with any further communication in regard to the case of Mr. Cheney, but I cannot allow to pass by unnoticed a most important position (and one which has much wider bearing than this particular case), assumed by both you and your correspondent "B. O. D.," which I believe is wholly wrong, and puts the whole question in a false attitude and light. As one of the friends and upholders of Mr. Cheney, I would ask the favor of calling attention to this point, and saying a few words in defence of our common position.

You both argue upon the assumption that the Protestant Episcopal Church is "a voluntary association," which one is free to join or leave, as a mere matter of individual choice. If this be true, if the church be a mere social compact of individuals, then all which you say concerning Mr. Cheney and his upholders follows legitimately. But if it be not a voluntary association, but a divine organization (as you intimate that Mr. Cheney must probably regard it), then our uniting with it is not a mere matter of choice, but of imperative duty. For, let it be observed that, to those who are by conviction Protestant Episcopalians, there can be no choice between this church and other churches, such as the Presbyterian or Congregational. For them, so far as this is concerned, there is practically no other church. In addition to this should be considered the fact that, in the Providence of God, we have been born and baptized and nurtured in this church. It is our birthright and heritage. When called of

God to the work of the ministry, in like manner, it was not for us a mere optional matter in what particular church we should exercise that ministry. Here again there was for us practically only this one church.

In entering this ministry, we willingly and gladly promised to conform to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But it is well known that this promise is universally considered and taught to be a promise of conformity to *substance* of doctrine, discipline, and worship, and that a certain amount of latitude of interpretation and practice is allowable. Even under the more rigid form of subscription, until lately used in our mother Church of England, the same has always held true. In his recent letter on the Purchas case, the Archbishop of Canterbury says that it has not been customary upon the part of parishioners to require from their ministers a strict observance of the rubrics in every particular, neither has it been the custom of the bishops to enforce it, but much has been left to the conscience and discretion of the minister.

Recently, the form of subscription has been altered to give more relief to the conscience, and bring it into conformity with this liberal interpretation and practice. Now, in omitting the word regenerate from the office of infant baptism, we believe that Mr. Cheney acted within the bounds of this allowable latitude of interpretation and practice. Others had been accustomed to make variations in it, among whom I may instance the late Bishop Meade, of Virginia. When Mr. Cheney's practice was brought to the notice of his bishop, and the bishop required of him the promise to use in the future the omitted word, evidently Mr. Cheney could not obey his bishop contrary to his own conscience. Here let it be observed that the promise of obedience to our bishops and other chief ministers, made at our ordination, is not an unconditional one, it is a promise "to follow with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and to submit to their godly judgments." Every minister is thrown back upon his own reason and conscience in determining what are godly admonitions and godly judgments. Refusing to make a promise contrary to his conscience, Mr. Cheney was next tried, suspended, and afterwards deposed by the ecclesiastical court of his own especial diocese.

Mr. Cheney is now placed in a new dilemma. He must either leave that ministry to which he has been called of God, and in the exercise of which God has largely blessed him, and must cease his ministrations to the people over whom he is placed, or he must resist this ecclesiastical decision. For be it observed, Mr. Cheney has not the choice of uniting with some other church; for him, so far as this is concerned, there is only this one church.

And here I want to call attention to another most important deduction from our position, that the Episcopal Church is a divine organization, and that is this, that the church itself is *limited* in its right of legislation by the charter or constitution which it has received from its divine head; it can legislate only according to the terms of this charter. It has not the same freedom in passing laws which a mere voluntary association possesses. It should be very careful not to pass any laws which infringe upon the rights which its members and its ministers have received from our common Master. It has no right to pass laws bearing severely upon the consciences of a minority, and then say to them, "If you do not like these laws you need not join us, or you are free to leave us;" for this joining or leaving the church is not optional with its members. I want to emphasize and call especial attention to this point, which is too generally overlooked.

It is a very serious question whether the whole legislation which has brought about the result of deposing from the ministry of "the Church of God" (Bishop Whitehouse's words) an earnest and godly minister like Mr. Cheney, for the conscientious omission of a word from the Baptismal Office which in no way affects the efficacy of the rite, is not an assumption of authority which is contrary to God's Word and to the whole spirit of the Gospel. Believing it to be so, very many ministers and laymen of the Church are prepared to resist it at all hazards. We believe it to be our duty to make our first effort *within* the Church. We are bound to the Protestant Episcopal Church by the closest ties, by the dearest associations, by the strongest convictions. Whilst differing from many of our brethren on some points of doctrine and discipline, we ask liberty only for the practical working out of our own views, desiring that they should have equal liberty for the exercise of their views. We have no desire to be in a narrow church, representing only our own particular opinions—we want our church to be a wide and comprehensive church, embracing all shades of opinion consistent with the platform of fundamental Scriptural truth. Our desire and effort are to make the Protestant



Episcopal Church such a comprehensive church, a Catholic church, in the true sense of that word. We appeal earnestly to all our brethren to make it so, and to repeal all restrictive and narrowing legislation—legislation which tends to reduce it to a mere human association or sect.

But if our effort and appeal are in vain; if such legislation is continued; if no relief is given to Mr. Cheney and those sympathizing with him, then there only remains for us the sad alternative you point out—leaving the church. The only way in which we Episcopalians can consistently do so is by withdrawing and forming a new Episcopal Church. But this step is so serious, and fraught with such momentous consequences, that we may well pause long before we take it; and we can only do so as a last alternative, after having exhausted every possible means to avoid it, and to remain with our brethren in one united church.

Surely this position is not the position of "a brigand"; surely there is such a thing as conscientious resistance to unconstitutional and oppressive legislation, without resorting to the last alternative of revolution. So our forefathers resisted the oppressive legislation of Great Britain. So the martyrs of the church have resisted, even unto death, merely as witnesses for the truth, appealing to the tribunal of the last day for the vindication of their cause.

J. P. H.

[We publish the above as presenting a fresh view of the matter, but the controversy must close here, as far as we are concerned. Our correspondent must surely see that his admission that he and his friends may yet leave the Episcopal Church and set up another of their own is an admission of the correctness of our assertion that the church is a voluntary association; and we cannot help calling his account of the nature and effect of the ordination vow a very neat *reductio ad absurdum*. To promise to obey "a godly" judgment, and reserve to yourself the right of the deciding when it is "godly," is surely something very like child's-play. The fact is, Mr. Cheney's position is a false one, and therefore one out of which an honorable and straightforward man, who allows of no dodging on the part of his own conscience, ought to get as fast as possible.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

AMERICAN announcements of new books are few in number and not of particular importance. Harper Brothers are to publish with illustrations Mrs. Sarah N. Randolph's life of her great-grandfather, Thomas Jefferson; "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson: Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences," is the title of the work. The same house announce the third volume of the life of Brougham; a reprint of Bulwer's "King Arthur," and another reprint of the articles about Frederick the Great which have been appearing in their magazine, illustrated profusely, and written by Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, who, having been just preceded by Carlyle, may be supposed to have produced a better popular history in this case than he has in others. —Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Blakeman will bring out Mr. William Swinton's "Condensed School History of the United States: constructed for Definite Results in Recitation and containing the New Method of Topical Review." —Roberts Brothers announce another volume of Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts," a volume which we can recommend to all who like the fun of the English comic papers, and indeed to a good many who care little for most of that sort of product. —Sheldon & Co. will publish the *Galaxy's* last pair of serial stories, Mr. De Forrest's "Overland," namely, and Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Lady Judith." —Dodd & Mead will reprint a fairly good English work with a title said to be too big: "Synonyms Discriminated: A Complete Catalogue of Synonymous Words in the English Language."

—In our issue of the 29th of last month (*Nation*, No. 313, p. 446, first column, 17th line from the top), there is a mistake of the press which probably most of our readers corrected for themselves, but which we mention here. After saying that we found in the recent decision of the Supreme Court "no trace of the exploded dogma that the originally sovereign states created the Government, and surrendered to it certain functions," we meant to say that "fifteen years ago Mr. Justice Nelson would probably not have used such language, but the court has moved during the last decade, and this progress has been conspicuously noticeable in some of its oldest members." The *not* italicized above was omitted.

—The July number of the *American Law Review* has some comments on Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's defence of Mr. Field which will doubtless

surprise the author very much. It says, "It is one of the most amusing contributions to literature which has been made for many a long day," and it proceeds to prove its assertion in this way: Mr. Curtis claims the right to assume, for purposes of argument, the existence of a condition of affairs which every man who knows anything at all of the subject knows does not exist; and from this condition of affairs he deduces whatever he finds necessary. For instance, at the bottom of this controversy lies the charge made by General Barlow, and generally adopted by the bar, that Judge Barnard is corrupt; but, says Mr. Curtis, Judge Barnard cannot be corrupt, because, if he were, the people would not elect him, Governor Hoffman would not appoint him to the First District, and his brother judges would not sit with him on the bench. Here are three assumptions made by Mr. Curtis which have not a particle of foundation, either in the facts of this case or in Mr. Curtis's experience of politics or law; they are wholly gratuitous; but, once made, all is plain sailing afterwards. So, also, Mr. Curtis, having, as he says, no personal knowledge of Mr. James Fisk, Jr., and having no acquaintance with his merits or demerits, assumes that Mr. Fisk must be a very respectable man, and just the person to be appointed receiver of a large amount of property in an equity suit in which he is himself a party, and goes on and argues accordingly. So also, having shown that, under the Civil Code of New York, it is permissible for a judge to sign orders wherever he may be, and at any hour, Mr. Curtis thinks he need say nothing whatever in defence of Judge Barnard's meeting Mr. Field's clerk in the street at half-past ten at night, after coming down from Poughkeepsie on the summons, and going into a real-estate office of one of Fisk's friends, and signing an order there presented to him by the said clerk. The *Law Review* makes very merry over all this, and we admit that it is funny; but there is certainly a serious side to it. As we have already intimated, we doubt if anything more insulting to honorable and ordinarily intelligent men has issued from the press for a good while; and the fact that a practitioner of Mr. Curtis's previous standing could have been induced to go through such a performance for a fee, is one of the most striking indications which have yet appeared of the demoralization of the legal profession in this city. We ought, in justice to him, to add that we understand he has abandoned that reference given him by Barnard, in the case of "Johnson vs. the Kansas Pacific R. R. Co." This is right—he knows as well as we do why it was improper for him to take a reference from this judge, immediately after attempting to whitewash him in a bulky pamphlet.

—The biography of the late Rev. Samuel Joseph May, who died at Syracuse on the 1st inst., has been partially though unintentionally written by himself in his book entitled "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict" (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870). As an author, he is perhaps most appropriately mentioned in this place; but as a clergyman and a philanthropist, overflowing with the milk of human kindness—whose very face has been called a benediction—and as a prominent figure in the great anti-slavery struggle of which he was only accidentally the chronicler, he will be much longer remembered than for his literary labor. To those who knew him intimately, he has long stood for the sweetest and purest example of the Christian character; and, the late Theodore Parker not perhaps excepted, no American clergyman has ever been the adviser, comforter, and confidant of so many whose religious views were totally at variance with his own, and who would even have felt it a peril or a sin to sit under his preaching. One may read in vain Mr. May's tract on the subject to discover in what exactly the Unitarian faith consists; but no one could meet him in person, or carry his griefs to him for sympathy and assistance, without a very just and lively sense of what constitutes Christianity. He was, in short, the beau ideal of a good pastor; and wherever his religious ministrations were performed—in Massachusetts, Connecticut, or New York—he was the centre of the warmest attachments and of the deepest and most widespread respect. Mr. May was a graduate of Harvard College, in the distinguished class of 1817. He was ordained in 1822; went first as a missionary to Brooklyn, Connecticut; was afterwards settled in Scituate, Mass.; and in 1842 was appointed by Horace Mann the principal of the Normal School at Lexington, Mass., the first in the State or country. His last years were spent in Syracuse, where he voluntarily retired from the pulpit on attaining the age of 70. At his death he was 73 years of age. He was a very earnest Abolitionist, and was by "natural selection" one of the most efficient conductors of the "underground railway." In the so-called "Jerry rescue," at Syracuse, in October, 1851, he played a quite conspicuous part; but as an opponent of slavery and of color prejudice at the North, and as a defender of the rights of public instruction and of free speech, he will be most fitly honored by posterity for

his conduct in the remarkable case of Miss Prudence Crandall—a chapter in the history of Connecticut which is probably not taught in the schools, but which would bear being read aloud in them at least once a year.

—We hope, for the benefit of slender purses, that some publisher may be induced to issue a reprint of Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Civilization." The cost of the English edition might keep it out of the hands of many who would be extremely grateful for the chance of reading these interesting volumes, for the book is one of those combinations of thorough investigation and bold, but never unsupported, hypothesis that cannot fail to leave its mark upon the history of the time. In fact, it may be considered as a sort of continuation of Darwinism, tracing the advance of man from the earliest period by means of the comparison of what we know of savage races of all times and countries, by the examinations of various legends and myths, and by the interpretation and explanation of many of our everyday customs and ordinary beliefs. He shows us how much our life is a polished repetition, when boys on the playground, when grown up, in our houses, and, indeed, in our churches, of the doings of our savage ancestors. The meaning of our children's games and their antiquity are set before us with new light. Our very familiarity with the subjects of which he treats makes the book attractive to many who might be unable fully to appreciate such books as Mr. Darwin's, for example, while the ignorance of their true meaning, of which we are perpetually convicted, keeps the book ever fresh and attractive. About three quarters of the first volume are devoted to the study of our games and customs, the rest of that and nearly the whole of the second volume contain an account of the various opinions of men upon the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and kindred topics. The method of the book can hardly be too warmly praised. The amount of research that it displays is immense. Probably experts will detect points of error, time will undoubtedly correct and throw more light upon what is now obscure and misunderstood, but meanwhile the book is a most valuable collection of material for the student of mankind. Nor is it that alone; it is no mere unorganized collection of facts, but an exposition of interpretation for the most part as novel as it is convincing. Mr. Tylor has the rare power of managing a great mass of facts, and here and there he culls out some familiar story or game which we have read or played a thousand times, and explains its full significance with a clearness that makes us blush for our own dulness. In the last part of the book the reader will find those most important subjects treated with the same ability. It contains nothing that need shock the timid, nor, on the other hand, is the writer ever made dishonest by the solemnity of his subject. It is not necessary to defend here the importance of getting at the truth. In short, it may be said that the book deserves the highest praise that can be given to a scientific book—it is written in a perfectly scientific manner, science being as remote from flippancy as it is from superstition. The style is very good, at times being humorous, and often really eloquent, so that the book is as interesting as it is valuable. We warmly recommend it to publisher and reader. Before closing, we should like to say a word about the difference between this work of Mr. Tylor's and that of Mr. Cox, "The Aryan Mythology," which was published about a year ago. The latter, as our readers know, is an attempt to interpret the various myths, legends, and tales of the Aryan races as different versions of the solar myth, and thus it was a book of the same kind, although of narrower scope, as Mr. Tylor's, but that is their only point of resemblance; the contrast is most striking. One opens Mr. Cox's thick volumes and reads on in vain hopes of finding a succinct statement of his views, and an orderly arrangement of his proofs, but only finds a long succession of tales, told at great length, explained arbitrarily and often inconsistently. All the work has to be done over again by some more careful and systematic hand, while Mr. Tylor's will serve as a model for future investigators.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold proposes to write three essays, one of which shall treat of literature as it regards dogma, another of literature as it regards physics, and the last of literature as it regards science generally, and of these the first half of the first has appeared in this month's number of the *Corahill Magazine*. Mr. Disraeli, it appears, "treating Hellenic things with the scornful negligence natural to a Hebrew," said the other day, "in a well-known book," that the English aristocratic class, the polite flower of the nation, are "truly Hellenic in this respect, among others, that they care nothing for letters, and never read." "Now, there seems to be here," says Mr. Arnold, "some inaccuracy," and he goes on to say that of Thesprotians and Molossians, and the original Hellenes generally, and of some of their descendants, as the Dorians, it would be true to

say that they had little culture, and were fond of field sports, and of open-air life; but that it is not true, but is misleading, to liken the English aristocracy, which loves field sports, and never reads, to those Hellenes who, by their culture, gave the term Hellenic the meaning which makes it mark the opposite of barbaric. The English aristocracy are, then, as Mr. Arnold has called them, barbarians, and show a decided disregard for letters. Having pleased himself—and not very greatly displeased Mr. Disraeli, we dare say—by these not very successfully malicious remarks to the author of "a well-known book," Mr. Arnold gets a little nearer the business in hand. Next after the aristocracy, the most favored class, the class enjoying most sunshine, and exacting most admiration from the middle class, or Philistines, is made up, according to Mr. Arnold, of the friends of physical science, with their brilliant leaders, and as to these men, "their revolt against the tyranny of letters is notorious." To substitute other studies for the study of letters is with them the object of a sort of crusade. Next after the friends of free science, in the matter of being in the sunshine, and exercising influence over the Philistines, Mr. Arnold puts the leaders of the religious world, and he says that these too are just now much opposed to mere letters, which "they slight as the vague and inexact instrument of shallow essayists and magazine writers," while their demand for more dogma is loud. Attempts made at a literary treatment of religious history and ideas they call a "subverting of the faith once delivered to the saints." Mr. Arnold quotes some instances of the religious leaders demanding more dogma, as the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester endeavoring in convocation not long since "to do something for the honor of Our Lord's Godhead"—which would seem to mean to do something to bring about a fuller and wider acceptance of the dogma of the unity in trinity of Christ and the Father. Furthermore, these gentlemen wished to do something "to mark their sense of that infinite separation for time and for eternity which is involved in rejecting the Godhead of the Eternal Son"—which would seem to mean to manifest more plainly their belief in the dogma that those who believe Christ to be God shall after death go into bliss, and those who do not so believe shall then go into punishment, both of which shall be eternal. Others also the essayist quotes, and makes this at any rate clear enough, that it is admissible for him if he likes to say that some religious people wish the church to be more dogmatic in its teaching; that a larger number of religious people certainly do object to a "literary" handling of the Scriptures and religious ideas; that the British aristocracy does not care as much for literature as it might; and that the physical science men, as they have small capacity for letters, so have small delight in them, and would fain get not only more share in the direction of education than the absurd educational system of England has hitherto allowed them, but also more than it is probably desirable they should have. Doubtless they are, just now, people with a hobby, and they are not as a rule famous for breadth of nature.

—When Mr. Arnold gets fairly at work on his defence of literature against the theologians he makes some good points, but in some places his work is very loose and ineffective. What likelihood is there, for instance, that a writer will carry along with him many people, professors of religion or rationalists, who says that "the true meaning of religion is not morality, but morality touched by emotion"; it is "ethics heightened, lit up by feeling"; and, again, "the object of religion is conduct"? Certainly the religious man, of whatever religion, who holds that his sacred books solve the universe; tell him truly who made it and him why he and it were made; describe for him the nature of his Maker; show him how his sins are to be washed away; look on the other side of the grave for him; assure him of existence after death and how he may be for ever happy—the man with a religion that solves the universe and opens a heaven to him is not going to listen to one who tells him that the sole object or the main object of religion is his conduct among his fellow-men; that religion is ethics lit up by emotional feeling. And the rationalist, who holds that solutions of the universe have been too numerous, and is resolved that he will deal only with the admittedly certain and verifiable, will be as little likely to believe himself religious in any just sense of the word merely because he has an excellent ethical system which is sometimes, in part at least, lit up by emotion. The fact seems to be that Mr. Arnold, in opposing the theologians in their stiff handling of such extremely undefined and indefinable terms as "grace" and the like—the whole dictionary of the theologians, we may say—has had occasion to make definitions of those terms himself, and has read his sense—we do not say not the true sense, but his sense, which he read there—into both the Old and the New Testaments, and now finds believers in the Bible and disbelievers in it equally unwilling to follow him.



—The great defenders of the Paris Commune in this country, B. F. Butler and Wendell Phillips, must have felt a slight touch of envy on reading the official eulogy of that defunct body by the gentlemen of the "General Council of the International Workingmen's Association," Boon, Bradwick, Buttery & Co. This document is perfectly grand in its demagogic outspokenness, and sublime in its rhetoric. The Commune, it frankly avows, did not come into life as a protest against usurpation, real or threatened; "it was the positive form of that Republic" which was "not only to supersede the monarchical form of class-rule, but class-rule itself." It did not mind the affairs of Paris alone, as its name implied—that is to say, affairs belonging to a limited sphere within the state—"the Commune was to be a working . . . body, executive and legislative at the same time;" "not only municipal administration, but the whole initiative hitherto exercised by the state was laid into the hands of the Commune;" "in consequence of the siege it had got rid of the army," and its "first decree . . . therefore, was the suppression of the standing army, and the substitution for it of the armed people." It destroyed both "the standing army and state functionarism;" but "neither cheap government nor the 'true Republic' was its ultimate aim; they were its mere concomitants; . . . its true secret was this: it was essentially a working-class government, the product of the struggle of the producing against the appropriating class, the political form at last discovered under which to work out the economical emancipation of labor." "It wanted to make individual property a truth, by transforming the means of production, land and capital, now chiefly the means of enslaving and exploiting labor, into mere instruments of free and associated labor." In one word—the "General Council" has no hesitation in announcing it—the Commune meant "Communism."

—Having given its exposé of the meaning and aims of the Commune, the "General Council of the International Workingmen's Association" pass over to vindicating and glorifying its deeds. They do not stoop to answer the question, What good could there result from a civil war thus raised within sight of a foreign foe, who had just proved his ability to crush the combined forces of both contending parties, and whose cannon frowned down upon the Commune, ready to crush it in case of its victory? They proudly tell us this: "Within sight of the Prussian army that had annexed to Germany two French provinces, the Commune annexed to France the working-people all over the world." And they tell us how it did it: "The Commune admitted all foreigners to the honor of dying for an immortal cause." That it placed the Dombrowskis, Okolowicz, and Wroblewskis "at the head of the defenders of Paris" was not because it could find no decent French officer to lead the assassins of Clément Thomas and Lecomte against the national army of France, but because "the Commune honored the heroic sons of Poland." That it suppressed scores of journals was not the natural consequence of a system of terrorism wantonly inaugurated, but an unavoidable measure of self-defence, for in the terrible struggle it had entered upon it would have "shamefully betrayed its trust by affecting to keep up all the decencies and appearances of liberalism as in a time of profound peace." The Commune "dismissed and arrested its generals" and war-ministers one after another, it is true, but it was done because "they were suspected of neglecting their duties," and then it was a splendid "satire upon M. Thiers," who at the same time distributed military rewards.

—And then comes the glowing description of "the change the Commune had wrought in Paris" as to morals. The vilest of men, transformed as if by magic, no longer thought of "assassination, theft, and personal assault"; "the real women of Paris showed again at the surface—heroic, noble, and devoted, like the women of antiquity"; Paris, "almost forgetful of the cannibals at its gates," was "radiant in the enthusiasm of its historic initiative." It was the work of "the bloodhounds of order" that radiant Paris "was suddenly changed into a pandemonium." *Pétroleuses* now showed at the surface, but "the Commune had, long before, given full public notice that, if driven to extremities, they would bury themselves under the ruins of Paris, and make Paris a second Moscow"—and that from higher motives than military reasons, for snow-fields fatal to the Versailles troops could not be expected in May, nor the Seine to be turned into a Beresina, while those who were to pursue them would lie buried under ruins. Incendiarism was accompanied, it is true, by the execution of sixty-four hostages, with the Archbishop of Paris at their head; but "how could they be spared any longer after the carnage with which MacMahon's pretorians celebrated their entrance into Paris? Was even the last check upon the unscrupulous ferocity of bourgeois governments—the taking of hostages—to be made a mere sham of?" The slaughter

came rather too late to be effective for this cause, but it may do good, we must presume, for the future. After all this—this is a fit conclusion—"workingmen's Paris, with its Commune, will be for ever celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society."

—Russia has at last reached, in her reforms, the one of all others that is to develop the national character and lay a sure foundation for future greatness. Within the past six months, Count Tolstoy, Minister of Public Instruction, has submitted to the Imperial Council—and that body has endorsed, after examination by a distinguished committee—certain law-projects looking to the improvement of both primary and secondary education throughout the empire. The scheme embraces (1) common schools to take the place of the present district and parish schools; (2) the organization of normal schools, which shall combine with the training of teachers for the public schools the objects proposed by the *Realschulen* or commercial schools of Germany; (3) the establishment of polytechnic schools, and (4) certain changes of a very important character in the courses hitherto prescribed for the gymnasia and progymnasia. The modifications in these latter institutions, in 1849 and 1851, were designed to check the study of the Latin language, and—strange as it may seem in a country connected in so many ways with Greece—to banish the study of Greek altogether. To this prohibition some have gone so far as to attribute, as a natural consequence, the materialistic and nihilistic tendencies of the present generation. But it is enough to point to the fact that attendance upon the universities has decidedly fallen off, and that it is impossible not only for them but even for the gymnasia to find native professors of the classic languages, of philosophy, of the Russian language and literature, and of universal history. The statute of 1864, though intended to reinstate Latin and Greek, has needed for full effect the legislation now determined on.

#### FORSYTH'S NOVELS AND NOVELISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

THE novels which delighted our grandfathers and grandmothers, and which (or some of which) we read in our youth almost as a necessary part of a liberal education, are unknown, many of them even by name, to our sons. And why? First, there is an impression prevalent among younger readers that these works have a general stamp of unreality. It appears to be founded partly on the traditions of the romance (a very different thing from the novel), extending from Mrs. Radcliffe in the last century to Miss Porter in the present, and partly to the peculiar and not undeserved reputation of the voluminous Richardson. Yet it is a false impression, for Miss Burney was the founder of realism, and though there are scenes in "Evelina" which verge on caricature, many passages in "Cecilia"—those, for instance, in which Mr. Dubster is brought into contact with the military "swell," as he would be called nowadays—vise, for their delicacy and accuracy of handling, with the very best work of Anthony Trollope. Nor can unreality be reckoned among the sins of Fielding. Of Jane Austen we say nothing, as she belongs to this century, though Mr. Forsyth classes her among the authors of the eighteenth, because some of her works were written, though not published, prior to 1800.

The second reason is a better, indeed a very good one. The exceeding grossness of a majority of the last-century novels (another marked difference between them and the romances) repels the ingenuous mind of the modern Anglo-Saxon youth. Here we are called upon to discriminate between a just conclusion and an inference not absolutely warranted. It is very proper, and in our more refined age very natural, that a young man should throw down one of Smollett's novels in disgust, and that it should be to a young lady something unapproachable. But it is another matter altogether when we come to ask how far such books present an accurate picture of their age. To take a strong case from Fielding. The author of "Tom Jones" (from what we know of him independently of his writings) evidently considered fornication a gentlemanly accomplishment; accordingly and characteristically, he makes his hero a rough-and-ready sinner in that way, while the villain Blifil, as the crowning trait of his villainy, is a chaste man—not, be it observed, a hypocrite of the "Tartufe" and "Joseph Surface" class, but a person constitutionally cold. Now this is bad; strong terms are required for stigmatizing such a perversion and inversion of morality; but it is not fair to infer at once that Fielding was the representative man and author of his day: the assumption must not be made without careful investigation and comparison.

If we find ourselves at the outset giving prominence to an unpleasant

\* "The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century, in illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age. By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C., author of 'The Life of Cicero,' etc., etc." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

subject, it is because that subject is really the main staple of Mr. Forsyth's book. He begins by expressly disclaiming (in his preface) any attempt at a history analysis of eighteenth-century fiction, and his incidental specimens of literary criticism are certainly not of a nature to make us wish that they were more direct or numerous. His work is not unlike such a one as we might suppose Mr. James Parton to write, if that gentleman would suppress some of his philosophical reflections and look a little more carefully to his English. It is a familiar and lively, but decorously cautious, picture of British manners and morals in the last century, drawn from the pages of its most popular novelists. Of course it is impossible to escape the delicate and important question how far a writer of fiction is to be accepted as a witness of the truth. Mr. Forsyth's notice of this difficulty is, to use the mildest term, inadequate. He puts out of court "Dickens's caricatures"—though here it is worth while remarking that out of ten characters which he enumerates "in whose existence it is impossible to believe," two are considered by those who profess to be acquainted with the original to have been intended for real persons. Taking a wider view, we may observe that all obviously partisan novels, whether political, religious, or social in their aim, must be taken with a great many grains of salt, if indeed they can be admitted at all. Further, we see that in our own country a number of non-partisan novels, which only profess to represent manners and real life, are utterly unreal and unlike any state of society that ever existed anywhere. And when we come to the probability of this or that type-character, the elements of discussion become very complicated. Imagine some critics of a future day debating whether Charles Kingsley's or Wilkie Collins's representation of the fashionable athlete was the true one, and how far Charles Reade could be depended on as an authority on the Kingsley side.

Not only does Mr. Forsyth deduce from the popular novels of the last century a most undesirable state of social morality, but, with a pertinacity that almost makes one suspect a pious fraud, he asserts that, "with the exception of some well-known names, they are deplorably dull," "their plots are contemptible and their style detestable"; their incidents "poor," their construction "inartistic," their narratives "insipid," and their dialogue "stupid." A fair specimen of his more detailed treatment of them is afforded by this appreciation of "Chrysal; or, The Adventures of a Guinea":

"I have looked through the four volumes of 'Chrysal'—it is impossible for human patience now to peruse them—to see if there was anything that could interest a reader of the present day, but the attempt was vain; the book, both in style and matter, is execrably bad. . . . It has sunk into total oblivion, and I am bound to say that it deserves its fate. . . . The vice is not redeemed by wit or grace of style, and the book is simply unreadable."

From this judgment we entirely dissent. "Chrysal" is not unreadable. We have a distinct recollection of reading it twice, at an interval of some ten years, and if we were starting on a twelve-hours railroad trip, we would run the risk of a third reading sooner than trust to many native works or even European reprints of the day which enjoy a fair popularity and circulation. The style is certainly not first-rate, yet it compares favorably with that of several lady authors now more or less in vogue, such as Mrs. Henry Wood in England, or Mrs. Mary Holmes on our own side of the Atlantic. Two things should be borne in mind when forming an opinion of "Chrysal"—first, in reference to the merits of the book itself, the idea of describing widely-separated scenes and characters of all sorts by the medium of an object passing from hand to hand, was—we will not say absolutely new, for we do not pretend to an acquaintance with the whole range of European fiction—but new to the British public. It has since become hackneyed even to children, so that later readers cannot put themselves in the place of its first public, any more than the present generation which has seen Cooper run out to the dregs in two languages, through Simms, and Bird, and Kennedy, and "Gabriel Ferry" De Bellemarre, down to Aymard and Mayne Reid on land, not to mention his countless imitators at sea, can judge of the effect which his earlier works had in their freshness and originality on our fathers. Secondly, as to the value of its testimony to the manners of the age, there is sufficient evidence, internal and external, that the author, Charles Johnson, was an embittered and disappointed man, and the obviously misanthropic tone of his book renders it anything but an impartial witness.

The *animus* of our author may also, we think, be traced in such little touches as these, that he introduces the novels of Mrs. Behn, although they belong to the middle of the preceding century, and that he dismisses De Foe as "throwing little light on the social manners of the age," appar-

ently because De Foe makes his low people behave like low people, and his gentlefolks as gentlefolks should.

His remarks on Fielding are to the effect that this author is very coarse, that no parent or schoolmaster at the present day would think of putting him into a boy's hands, and that he is fond of [burlesque] Homeric similes, which last original discovery Mr. Forsyth thinks worthy of being illustrated by three pages of quotation.

Still, whatever shortcomings of detail Mr. Forsyth may have committed, we must own that he has made out his case on the general issue. He undertook to prove that the "swell" of a hundred years ago was a very deboshed fish, and by the corroborative testimony of essayists and diarists, added to that of the novelists, he has done so. If the progenitor of our cousins (and partly of ourselves) was not exactly Darwin's hairy animal with pointed ears, living in trees, he was a moral monster, in some respects as extraordinary and antagonistic to the British or American Philistine of to-day. The fashionable man of the eighteenth century was generally a measureless tippler, so generally that the occasional appearance of a temperate liver like Chesterfield seemed a social phenomenon. He was prone to profligacy, usually in a low, boorish, animal way, sometimes with a clumsy imitation of that seductive science which even then had made adultery one of the fine arts in France. His ordinary talk blossomed out at small provocation into profanity and obscenity. He not only fought duels, but indulged in those extemporaneous and promiscuous encounters which the chivalry of another age and clime knew as "street fights," the principal difference being the substitution of cold steel for firearms. Ladies, married or unmarried, were frequently assailed with indecent language, and sometimes but too ready to listen to it. And this was the least indignity to which they might be exposed, for abductions were at least as common then as elopements are now, and liberties sometimes taken or attempted in public which would at this day hardly be practised on a recognized courtesan. The common people could scarcely be expected to improve on the example of their betters, especially as neither government nor society treated them with much humanity, for the laws were almost Draconian, and culprits received such usage as we only hear of now among the "heathen Chinese" or other semi-barbarous nations.

Yet this, or most of it, we, or most of us, knew already, and it seems as if we did not need a Queen's Counsel and ex-Fellow of Trinity to tell it to us. Freely, we confess that this book has been a great disappointment to us. The subject is magnificent, and much might still be made of it, even after Thackeray and his imitators. Mr. Forsyth has produced—what? A very moral and proper monograph, safe reading *virginibus puerisque*, but absolutely without critical value. It was begun, he tells us, "to divert the idleness of a long vacation." Whatever amusement its composition may have afforded the author, the result affords little gratification to the curiosity of the mature reader. It might have made a tolerable magazine article or series of articles; it is not sufficiently substantial for a separate work.

An ex-Fellow of Trinity may be expected to write good English—though we have known some who did not. Mr. Forsyth's diction is generally precise and elegant; but we notice an odd bit of slip-slop on p. 71 (note): "Richardson thoroughly *reciprocated* this lady's dislike of the Miss Gunnings," meaning that he *shared* it! The damaged Latin quotation on p. 166 we will charitably set down to the credit of the American publishers.

#### STIMULANTS.\*

THIS volume should have been called "Gossip about Stimulants." It describes the history, pharmacology, and effects of opium in its various forms: it tells us something of the nature of the other substances mentioned in the title; and it abounds in quotations which represent the literary as fully as the scientific treatment of the subject. While he contributes nothing new to our knowledge of it, Dr. Calkins gives us glimpses of nearly all that has been written about stimulants and narcotics. He cites an abundance of facts; but he helps us to no decision of the debates which rage around the question of the use or renouncement of these agents. For the rest, the volume is written in a style so grotesque and turgid as to be positively amazing, as witness the following sentences: "Many a snug packet of the cherished morphine, drawn from the interior boutique of the conniving pharmacist, finds, through surreptitious procurement, a safe transmission to the palatial boudoir." And *apropos* of "champagne-wine or anisette cordial," Dr. Calkins says: "In a goodly

\* "Opium and the Opium Appetite. With Notices of Alcoholic Beverages, Cannabis Indica, Tobacco and Coca, and Tea and Coffee, in their Hygienic Aspects and Pathologic Relations. By Alonzo Calkins, M.D." (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)



city of ours there was an Esculapian brother, whose wont was to prepare himself with liberal potations of the like preparatory to the expected soirée, and, once mingled with the throng, to grow decidedly impulsive and loquacious in the general not only, but amusingly demonstrative and ingratiative in the particular."

The logical method of this work is uniform and simple: *post ergo propter* is its canon of argument. Thus, we are informed that the number of cigars used in Paris during the year 1852 was two hundred millions, while it had increased to seven hundred and ten millions in 1867. Consequently, according to our author, after fifteen years "a notable decrease in height, as in the physical stamina, is observable in the Parisians generally." We may dismiss the volume with the public warning that it lacks an index, and is prefaced by a table of contents so vaguely worded as to be worthless.

The questions that are stated, rather than discussed, in Dr. Calkins's book, require a new method of treatment at the hands of scientific men. Stimulants and narcotics are not less powerful factors in modern life than electricity and steam, yet our knowledge of the action of these fine yet potent forces is still very imperfect. In no department of science are we made more painfully aware of its limitations than in that which attempts to define the advantages and the disadvantages of their use. Few questions in physiology are of greater or of more immediate importance than those which relate to stimulants and narcotics; for hardly any concern our physical, not to say our moral, welfare more directly than they; and the considerations which we would offer have not, we think, been sufficiently taken into account in the debate which rages around them.

Wherever we find a thousand adult human beings, we shall find that more than nine hundred of them habitually use one or more of the stimulants we have named. The Chinaman uses opium, the Malaysian the betel-nut, the Indian hashish, the European alcohol; and most of the few who are strangers to these stimuli are to be numbered among the hundreds of millions who use tobacco, tea, or coffee. Stimulation by means of one or another of these substances is an act more nearly universal than any other which is not, like sleep or eating, a function of life itself. In America, considerably more than half of the adult population use either tea, coffee, or tobacco. A majority of the remainder use alcohol in one or more of its various preparations. Most of the small remaining minority are included among the not inconsiderable number of those who use opium habitually; and few of us cannot count on our fingers all the persons whom we know to be total abstainers from each one of the stimuli we have named. No fact in the physiology of habit is so extensive as that of stimulation. The love of stimulants would seem to be the correlative of the desire for nutriment; and to be a desire hardly less powerful, hardly less general, and hardly more eradicable than the instinct of self-preservation itself. We may almost venture to call the love of stimulants a character of humanity.

Whatever objection, therefore, may be urged against their use, it cannot be held as probable that they will ever be abandoned. The use of stimulants is likely to continue quite unchecked by the declamation of the reformers, who are unable to bring any decisive scientific testimony against it. For the authorities are still divided in the discussion of this question. Thus Magendie claims to have extracted alcohol from human blood; Percy concludes that alcohol has a marked affinity for the cerebral tissues. Coffee, tea, tobacco, hashish, and opium hold each their parliament in the world; and between the Right and the Left an angry debate continues. We know, indeed, that it is the function of alcohol and of caffeine to accelerate certain vital functions, while they check the transformation and waste of tissues. But science does not yet announce their laws of adaptation to the individual, the definite rules of temperance or of abstinence which are needed to guide the practice of the world. Neither those who denounce nor those who indiscriminately extol the use of stimulants can adduce, in the present state of physiological science, sufficient reasons for their belief. The data of a definite judgment are still wanting, and we must wait for their discovery through scientific observation and experiment.

But we are not obliged, meanwhile, to forego the possession of a rational opinion upon this question. We may frame a provisional hypothesis to serve as a sort of scaffolding for our convictions, while scientific men are slowly building up the edifice of a proven theory. If the employment of stimulants and narcotics is thus nearly universal, if it is not materially checked by any attempts to diminish it, and if the moderate use of stimulants, even in the most intemperate countries, is far more frequent than their injurious and excessive use, may we not regard these facts as indicating a feature of the human constitution itself—a character that can never be eradicated?

In our judgment, we may; and the effort of the future with respect to stimulants and narcotics will not be to prevent their abuse by forbidding their use—an effort as unwise and futile, if this judgment be correct, as the attempt to stop railway accidents by discouraging railways—nor yet to urge a vague precept of temperance upon the public mind; but rather to discover the laws of special adaptation in stimulants; in other words, to indicate the temperaments and constitutions to which particular *stimuli* are applicable, and the *stimuli* which are dangerous to particular constitutions and temperaments. Little effort has yet been made in this direction; but this is the path which the scientific investigation of the question of stimulants is hereafter to follow. The law of healthy stimulation is now the philosopher's stone of physiological science. We commend its search to investigators, feeling sure that the quest will be rewarded much more completely than that of the Floridian Fountain of Youth.

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

WITH a sort of perversity by no means unexampled, indeed, but which always strikes one strangely when observed in a person who has ability of a certain kind and degree, "George Eliot" continues to write in verse rather than prose. This month's *Atlantic* has a long poem of hers, entitled "Armgarth." We are not of the number of those admirers of hers who think that her later prose works, even if "Romola" be classed under the head of late work, are up to the level of her earlier; but though "Felix Holt" is not "Adam Bede," it is surely far better worth doing than "The Spanish Gypsy" or poems like this one in the magazine, though, for reasons of various kinds, the critical world generally has declined to say so. Armgarth is a young girl who aspires to distinction upon the lyric stage, and who, when we first see her, has just made her début and had a success. A certain count who loves Armgarth, Walpurga her maid, and old Leo, her instructor in music, are the other characters, of whom the one best depicted is Leo, or, perhaps, we should rather say the one who is most distinctly before the eye after the poem has been read and has produced its own direct effect, and the indirect effect of reviving other portraiture of the same figure. He is an old neglected singer, living in much poverty, somewhat embittered by his failure to succeed with the world; hoping, if he can be said to hope any longer for anything, that his music may be discovered by posterity; sharp-tempered on occasion; disgusted with the new-fashioned ways of singers and the petty devices of popular musicians; and getting his chief gratification in life from training young singers according to the true principles of their art. He and Armgarth in the first scene relate the story of her success—the best passage, and a fine one, though perhaps it needs careful reading to bring out the sense, being put into the mouth of the latter:

"Well! the first notes came clearly, firmly forth,  
And I was easy, for behind those rills  
I knew there was a fountain. I could see  
The house was breathing gently, heads were still;  
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,  
And human hearts were swelling. Armgarth stood  
As if she had been new created there,  
And found her voice, which found a melody.  
The minstrel! luck had not written nor I taught—  
Orpheus was Armgarth, Armgarth Orpheus.  
Well, well, all through the scene I could feel  
The silence tremble now, now pulse itself  
With added weight of feeling, till at last  
Delight o'ertrampled it. The final note  
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar  
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again  
Till expectation kept it pert awhile.  
Ere Orpheus returned, plui! he was changed—  
My demigod was pale, had downcast eyes  
That trembled like a bride's, who fain would send  
Backward the rising tear.  
Armgarth. I was a bride,  
As nuns are at their sponsals."

The count, who had before asked her to marry him and had been told to wait, now renews his proposal, thinking that, satisfied with her success, she may be willing to return from a stage she has conquered, and himself being even willing, in case she decides to continue in her professional career, to allow her to pursue it after marriage.

Armgarth, however, declines, talking rather after the manner of a woman's rights woman in a state of full activity, and exhibiting a needless hardness of spirit towards the count, and indeed all men, as husbands and fathers. But she is soon more than repaid, for a physician, who treats her for a throat disease, ruins her voice, and she fails at rehearsal. A scene ensues, in which Walpurga, irritated at the kind of eloquence with which Armgarth speaks of the lot of ordinary women, drudges, mothers, and the like, turns upon her, and very effectively rebukes her wilfulness, conceit, pride, and lack of sympathy and generosity. Armgarth repents, and the poem ends by her going away to Freiburg, where she will teach





tive by telling how one of them, a deserter under sentence at Key West, got his pardon on account of a gallant action which he performed, and is now in Vermont, safely married to a Florida girl.

"The Climate of the Lake Region" deals with the climate of the great lakes, and appears to be instructive; the "Scientific Record" and the other tables are full; and "The Editor's Easy Chair" discusses Thalberg and other pianists, reads editors a lecture on newspaper morality, and has some sound criticism on the "mounting" of plays, a business in which there has certainly been of late a "wasteful and ridiculous excess," which speaks very ill for the judgment and taste of the theatre-going public, and makes bad confession, too, concerning the real talent and vigor of those actors and managers who trust to it so much.

The *Overland* has for its first article a sketch, by Mrs. Thérèse Yelverton (Viscountess Avonmore), entitled "With the Sœurs at the Golden Horn." The writer informs us that her husband being before Sebastopol, and she being unwilling in her anxiety to live so far away from him as at Malta, got herself put under the protection of the Sisters of Charity at Galata, and there was a witness of their life. She describes it well and with feeling, and the article is worth reading. So also is Captain Scammon's "Pacific Coast Sea Views," in which there is much of the charm that, in so many books and stories, has made most people vow, now and again, once or twice in the course of their lives, to go and live in South America. Mr. John Manning tells something about the Maories which will be new to most American readers, and there is other good reading in the *Overland's* customary good quantity.

*Old and New* for July is called a commencement number, and has an interest for college men which it has not for the general reader. The general reader will, however, be pleased in reading what was the condition of learning in this country when the late Mr. Everett was a college student, and will take courage when he sees how sure has been the advance from bad to better in our American college system within the last half-century. We have seen "The Harvard College of 1911" the student will be offered as wide a field of study, and as good instruction in it, as the student in any college in the world. In *Old and New* we have contributions from a dozen different professors and presidents scattered throughout the country as to the condition of things at their various colleges. The articles are not systematized, but information can be got from them.

The most agreeable reading in the *Catholic World* is an account of Father John de Brébeuf, a Roman Catholic missionary to the Indians in Canada and the West, some three hundred years ago. Agreeable, too, in a way, is a bloodthirsty attack on Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, apropos of his recent speech, or oratorical essay, delivered before the students of St. Andrews, in which his subject was "Calvin and Calvinism." We do not profess great admiration for Mr. Froude nor for his histories, and we do profess some respect for this writer, who seems to us to have made out

a case against Mr. Froude more than once, and to have shown him to be very inaccurate and very careless, if not a good deal worse than that; but we suggest that, if Mr. Froude deserves all of this writer's contempt, he deserves, then, rather less of his indignation and wrathful displeasure. It may not, by the way, be generally known, and it may, perhaps, be as well to know it, when considering how to take him when his business is the handling of this or that religionist, that Mr. Froude was at one time deep in the Puseyite or Newmanite movement at Oxford, and followed Newman far towards Rome.

In "The Italian Guarantees and the Sovereign Pontiff" the government of Victor Emanuel gets some invective of a kind which, in the ear of an American not a Catholic, sounds like the talk of a person in a dream. Here is the first "indictment" brought against Signor Venosta and his colleagues: "By this decree the door is thrown open to every sect that chooses to come and try to proselytize the Roman people. They must see as clearly as we do that the last clause of Article Second deals the most powerful and insidious blow at the spiritual power of the Pope in spiritual matters, encouraging his people to spiritual defection, or at least lessening him in their esteem as a spiritual teacher." The last clause of this Second Article reads as follows: "The discussion of religious questions is entirely free." In the opening of his article the writer appears to assert of Victor Emanuel that he personally displayed rather a violent form of reluctance when his ministers were endeavoring to persuade him to accept the Roman *plébiscite*; he kicked the furniture about at Florence, breaking chairs and overturning tables in his unwillingness to permit "the violation of the Papal territory, or to accept the *plébiscite* of the so-called people of Rome." But his legislators were too much for him, and success crowned the infamous policy whose sole object is to retain in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff's enemies as much of their ill-gotten power over him as they can retain without incurring danger from his spiritual weapons.

\*. Publishers will confer a favor by always inserting the price of each book on the wrapper.

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| Authors.—Titles.  | Publishers.—Prices.         |
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| Mulock (Miss D.), Little Sunshine's Holiday.....                                    | (Harper & Bros.) 1 50       |
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| Pendleton (Mrs. H.), The Parent's Guide, 2d ed.....                                 | (S. R. Wells) 1 50          |
| Poor (H. V.), Manual of the Railroads of the U. S. for 1871-72 (H. V. & H. W. Poor) | (John Wiley & Son) 1 00     |
| Rankin (John, LL.D.), Fons Clavigera.....   | (Lee & Shepard) 1 00        |
| Schwartz (Marie S.), The Wife of a Vain Man, swd.....                               | (Harper & Bros.) 40         |
| Spillan (Dr. D.), Livy's History of Rome, translated, 2 vols.....                   | (E. Steiger) 40             |
| The Workshop, No. 3, swd.....   | (D. Appleton & Co.) 1 75    |
| Tyndall (Prof. J.), Light and Electricity.....                                      | (G. W. Carleton & Co.) 1 75 |
| Wallace (Mrs. E. D.), Strife; a Tale.....   | (A. K. Loring) 50           |
| Walworth (M. T.), Delaplaine.....   | (Harper & Bros.) 50         |
| Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.), Zerub Throop's Experiment.....                             | (Macmillan & Co.) 1 50      |
| Wilford (Florence), Vivian; a Tale, swd.....  |                             |
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